

# GEORGE GIPP, FOOTBALL STAR, DIES

## TILL END NOTRE DAME EVEN MOURNS

Notre Dame Football Team to All Grief—Family and Friends Gather.

Notre Dame, Ind., Dec. 14.—George Gipp, Notre Dame's greatest football star, died today at his home in Chicago, after a long illness.

Gipp, who was 24 years old, and in addition to being the cleverest player in the history of Notre Dame, he was sought by many managers and was expected to sign with the Chicago Bears for an outfield position on the team.

Gipp's death ended a hard battle after a desperate struggle. He was summoned to the hospital by the aid of physicians, and he died after a long illness.

Gipp died of pneumonia. The official cause given was declared to be an attack of tonsillitis, following an attack of tonsillitis. Gipp was first attacked by tonsillitis following the Notre Dame Northwestern game at Evanston, Ill., Nov. 20, after which he went to the hospital.

Gipp's death was a great loss to the college. He was a star player and was expected to make the college nine.

Gipp never played football until he came to Notre Dame. He had been a baseball player and was expected to make the college nine.

Gipp's longest drop-kick was in 1918 when he booted the ball 62 yards for a score while playing with the freshman eleven against Kalamazoo, Mich., Normal. This was the longest drop-kick on record, the record being held by Payne of Dakota Wesleyan, who kicked 63 yards in 1915.

Arrangements for the funeral, which will be made today. South Bend, Ind., Dec. 14.—United Press—Football will not be played for the death of George Gipp.

According to Coach Rockne and relatives of Gipp, his participation in football was neither directly nor indirectly responsible for his death.

Gipp's tonsils have bothered him for years," said his brother. "He should have had them taken out long ago but kept putting it off. Coach Rockne told him not to let it go any more and he would have been removed."

Picked by Camp.

New York, Dec. 14.—(United Press)—George Gipp's career ended just when his name and fame began.

Almost simultaneously with the announcement of his death came the announcement of Walter Camp, America's football authority, that the Notre Dame star was the greatest halfback of the year.

## TERRIN ON JOB TO SHOW WARES IN THORPE BOUT

Davenport Clash Thursday Promises Fistic Thrills For Fans.

BY BRUCE COPELAND.  
Mike McNulty and Sammy Terrin, his widely heralded welterweight, arrived today in Davenport for final touches in preparation for the Terrin-Thorpe bout Thursday night at the Davenport theatre, Davenport, under the auspices of the American Legion.

This is Terrin's first appearance in a tri-city ring and he sure looks as if he can step. There is always something characteristic with all these good Hebrew fighters. They are all grand fighters. In 20 years' time some of the world's greatest boxers have been boys of Terrin's type.

Glad to Get Chance.

Sammy is anxious to win from Thorpe as soon as possible, he says, and thus become a tri-city favorite. McNulty has tried for six months to get Terrin on before one of the tri-city clubs, but it was only recently that he came to terms with the Davenport club. Rock Island could have had the Terrin-Thorpe match had the promoters been awake to the situation.

Terrin is regarded throughout the northwest as the leading candidate for the world's welterweight honors and is out Thursday night to demonstrate his claim in his bout with Harvey Thorpe, one of the best of the welter near-champs. Thorpe is an old master when it comes to ringcraft. He has defeated some of the best.

Boys Real Fighters.

Both boys will use practically the same style of attack. Terrin is a tough, boring-in scrapper, who sets a furious pace at the opening bell and never slows up until the final bell. Welterweight newspaper reports credit him with being as fast as a batman, with the punching power of a middleweight. His long string of victories—41 in all—attest to his prowess.

There is no end of speculation and rivalry over the semi-final bout of the same card between Battling Johnson of Moline and Jack Racer of Davenport. The latter has gained scores of admirers since beating Frankie Schoerbroeck of Rock Island several weeks ago. This should be a battle from start to finish.

## HIGHS TO OPEN BASKET SEASON WITH ALUMNI 5

Saturday Set As Date for Getaway Game of Drive.

BY "ALIBI AL".

Rock Island high school basketball squad will open its season on Saturday in the "Y" gym with the annual alumni game. With but one veteran back from the tri-city championship team of last year, Coach Kimmel will have a hard time to build up a strong five from the green material that is on hand.

On New Year's eve, the Islanders will play at Wyoming instead of at Toulon as previously stated. The game with Wyoming was scheduled to give the local team some training before the home games start in January.

Large Squad Out.

Ever since the class tournament closed last week the coach has had a large squad of men out every night for long drills. At the forward positions, Biehl, Davenport and Duncan are showing up in fair form. Captain Rosenkrantz will probably jump center or will play a forward if Henke plays.

Henke is only eligible until the middle of January and it is not known whether he will play at all. At guard, Hall, Edwards and Schaefer are all likely candidates. Alumni Team Doubtful.

## SISLER RECORD AT BAT IS .407

Official Records for 1920 Give St. Louis Browns Star 257 Hits—Tri's Speaker Is Second.

Chicago, Dec. 14.—(United Press)—Premier stick honors in the American league go to George H. Sisler of St. Louis, who batted .407 in 154 games, according to the official batting averages given out here today. Sisler also hung up a record for number of hits made—257.

Just what Charlie Comiskey's action in suspending alleged crooked ball players on his club did to his pennant winning chances next year can be seen in the fact that three of them batted .333 or better.

Speaker Second.

Tris Speaker of Cleveland was next to Sisler with .385. Babe Ruth finished fifth; Joe Jackson of the White Sox was fourth. The Bambino swatted 376 to a total of 173 hits and 158 runs. Ruth in addition to acquiring home run honors was second in winning honors. The home run king fanned 80 times.

R. J. Niehaus of Cleveland, led the swatters. He batted .444 for 18 games. Ty Cobb averaged .334.

## Leonard Greatest Lightweight Boxer, Not Greatest Champ, Ed Hughes Says



The Argus has contracted with the Thompson Feature Service for the Rock Island rights to Ed Hughes' wonderful sporting cartoons and his vivid, colorful word-pictures of the most sensational sporting men and affairs both past and present.

Since Bob Edgren of the New York Evening World, retired from the daily newspaper field two years ago, Hughes has been regarded as the world's premier sporting cartoonist. His sketches and stories will speak for themselves. They will appear on this page three days a week. Be sure and read them all.

BY ED. HUGHES.

Benny Leonard is the greatest lightweight boxer, but not the greatest light weight champion. At least that seems to be the opinion among those who have seen the Queensberry kings of old in action. An old timer was airing himself on the subject the other night after the Welling battle in the Garden. Said he:

"We'll never know just how good Leonard is. There's no one around who can produce anything like keen competition for him. Benny is a good two-weight champion. He has everything, as the saying goes. But people place a higher value on his prowess than his performances deserve."

Seldom Extended Limit.  
"He stands out as a peerless champion. In the minds of some because his mediocre opponents made him appear so. Of course it is to Leonard's credit that he has never had to take it. But could he stand up under hard punching if he had to? If he had existed in the old days, good as he is, he would have had to. And is he the hardest punching lightweight we have ever seen? Not by a jugful, I say."

"Leonard is a punishing hitter. No doubt about that. But he doesn't seem to have the deadly wallop of the old-time champions. For instance, Welling was knocked down three times in the 13th round and once in the 14th. Leonard crashed over his hardest blows on the point of the jaw when Welling was 'going,' yet, he couldn't score a clean knockout and the bout was finally stopped."

Couldn't Stop Ritchie.  
"It was the same with Willie Ritchie in Newark. Ritchie, who had long since seen his best days was dropped several times when nature deserted him and left him helpless. But he always got up and he was erect when the bout was finally halted."

"How many scores of raps has Leonard driven against Johnny Dundee's jaw? And has he ever had the Italian near to the knockout?"

"Leonard is not in a class with Joe Gans as a hitting champion. Do you suppose that Joe would have failed to put Welling away 'clean' once he had him going? Gans' knockdowns were usually knockouts. Frank Erne went down but once when Gans took the title away from him in a round at Fort Erie."

Lavigne Better Puncher.  
"Kid Lavigne was another wonderful hitter. He didn't put his man down a half dozen times before winning out. He whipped Jack Everhardt with one punch in the 24th round that sent Jack spinning into the arms of the referee, who stopped it then and there. And remember, when he knocked out Dick Burge, the Englishman, who outweighed him 17 pounds? One punch did it in the 18th."

"But to get back to Gans. There never was a hitter like the 'Old Master.' There never were two tougher near champions than Dal Hawkins and Willie Fitzgerald. Both could hit as hard as Leonard ever thought of punching. Hawkins had Gans down and almost out in the third. But Joe just managed to scramble to his feet and catch Dal wide open with a hook on the jaw. It ended things right there. Fitzgerald was also finished with one punch after putting up a stubborn battle for 10 rounds."

"Too bad there aren't some Hawkins and Fitzgeralds to test Leonard's real ability today."

JOHN R. GENTRY OLD PACER DIES  
Once Held World's Championship—Would Have Been 32 Years Old Jan. 1—Death Peaceful.

Nashville, Dec. 14.—John R. Gentry, 3:00%, once pacing champion of the world, is dead of old age. Had the horse lived until Jan. 1, he would have been 32 years old.

### The Sportscope

By Bruce Copeland.

## Untold Tales of the Ring

Story of Johnny Glover.  
The gamest fighter I ever saw was Johnny Glover of Boston, younger brother of Mike Glover, welterweight near-champion, who died several years ago. Back in 1911 Johnny invaded Scranton, Pa. made it his new home and soon was hailed the full length of the famous old Wyoming valley—Carbondale to Hazleton, which includes Scranton and Wilkes Barre—as the greatest fighter in the anthracite coal region.

In two years' time, Johnny had defeated all available boys in his class. He was a welterweight, scaling around 142 pounds. Then he married against the wishes of his manager, who left him cold. In a short time Glover couldn't get a fight. His funds dwindled and he had to get a job. An old admirer, who owned a big cafe, hired him as a waiter in the cabaret.

A Child of Misery.  
A baby daughter was born to the luckless Glover and his wife. Then Mrs. Johnny—a very sweet, little woman, became a invalid. Including tips, Johnny brought home about \$25 a week, but it was insufficient to meet their needs. His credit was worthless and no one cared to stake him. Disaster seemed inevitable.

But through all those long, dismal days and sleepless nights, Glover still clung to a sweet memory. He had never been defeated. He was still the "valley" champion. He had defeated George Chip, who had started his career as a raw novice in boxing skill. He had whipped Steve Lato, Tommy Connors, Dennis Tighe, Al Dewey, Harlan Tommy Murphy, Tommy Ginty and a score of others from that section.

Johnny thought a long time before deciding to cash in his coveted "title." Even at that time, no welterweight cared to tackle him. Finally, a manager down in Hazleton, who had a young welter in tow, listened to Glover's plea for a match. Glover had not trained in more than a year. He looked dead easy, this manager believed; so he finally agreed.

Carried Chairs, Built Ring.  
But all the preliminary details were left to Glover, who didn't have a dime. The only hall he could get was an obsolete theatre. He was too busy carrying in chairs and setting up the ring to train for the battle. A handful of roustabouts were his only helpers. They saw a chance to get a few pennies of blood money.

Glover did not dare to charge more than 50 cents for admission. When the fight began there was less than \$40 in the house. The winner was to take all. I will never forget the look on Glover's face as he glanced over the house. It was the way they look at the gallows.

Johnny was knocked down seven times in the first three rounds. He didn't seem to have a thing. In the fourth, he cut loose with a wild, backhand swing and floored the other boy, who took a count of nine. The cheering crowd brought back Glover's senses. He stood back measuring his opponent's as he stepped up and floored him again. Then the bell rang.

Rash to See Comeback.  
This remarkable comeback spread downtown like wildfire. The little hall was soon filled to bursting point. How they yelled! Glover's great courage and the old-time cheers revived his aching body, long racked by sickness and worry. After the fourth, the Hazleton boy was more cautious. Going into the seventh, both were holding their own.

FATE MUST BE KIND. Glover took a wicked punch on the jaw and dropped. He got up, but fell down again without being struck. He took the nine-count. It looked as if he would never get up again. But he fooled them. His opponent was the most surprised of all. He and his friends were rejoicing. The fighter was in the act of shaking hands with a ringsider as Glover got up still reeling.

You of the tri-cities saw this self-same fighting instinct in Tommy Comiskey's last three rounds with Jimmy Nuss. Before they could shout warning to the victor—parent, Glover was on top of him like a tiger, swinging everything but the front door. Johnny kept pummeling away until the other boy dropped from a stomach punch. Glover's last swing cut the other's fallen boy's head, and then he went down and on top of him.

What a Clergyman Did.  
In the earlier confusion, somebody had called in the clergyman of Glover's church, who was an out-and-out advocate of the boxing game. It was he who lifted Johnny up and carried him to his corner. The next moment he walked to the center of the ring and raised his hand, commanding silence. He called upon the good sports for contributions and they collected more than \$300.

Glover never fought again. With that stake he and his little family returned down east, and today, Johnny is a prosperous taxi proprietor in South Boston. If any of you ever visit in Scranton, ask anyone you meet if he remembers Johnny Glover's fight with Battling Gates. Then you will hear this story all over again.

How Terry Was Tricked.  
None was sadder of victory than Terry McGovern that fateful night in Hartford, Conn., when the hard-hitting little fighter the world has ever known, lay on the rubbing table in his dressing room just before his first bout with Young Corbett.

Hailed the marvel of pugilism and with a following even as vast and worshipful as Jack Dempsey's today, "Terrible Terry" was also one of the most conciliatory boxers in the limelight. He talked of no body but himself; of nothing but his "wonderful" victories.

Every champion in every kind of sport has a fatal weakness. McGovern's was conceit. He was a great poster and a blowhard. He would stand for hours on a crowded street corner. The "oh's" and "ah's" of all passing ages was the sweetest music he ever heard.

## BRENNAN FACES JACK DEMPSEY IN TITLE BOUT

Challenger Conceded Small Chance of Winning From Champion Tonight.

Dempsey.	Brennan.
25 years	27 years
6 ft. 1 1/2 in.	6 ft. 1 1/2 in.
180 lbs.	180 lbs.
78 in.	77 in.
15 in.	15 in.
8 in.	8 in.
17 in.	17 in.
39 in.	39 in.
44 in.	44 in.
23 in.	23 in.
18 in.	18 in.
8 1/2 in.	8 1/2 in.

New York, Dec. 14.—For the first time since Jack Dempsey won the heavyweight championship, New York patrons of the fistic sport will have an opportunity of seeing the big fellow in action at the Madison Square Garden tonight.

Bill Brennan, formerly of Chicago, but now residing here, is the challenger for the title. These two met at Milwaukee nearly three years ago and on that occasion Dempsey scored a technical knockout in the sixth round. That was long before Dempsey defeated Willard for the title. Brennan still believes that he has a chance to redeem himself in this bout.

Brennan Confident.  
"I'm not afraid of Dempsey," said Brennan a few days ago at his training quarters here. "Jack knows I gave him a good battle when we met before and but for an injury to my ankle when I fell I could have gone along with him in good shape."

Most of those who have seen both men in action, however, are not quite so confident as Brennan on this point. So far as build and measurements go the men seem pretty evenly matched on paper, but when seen in ring costume at their respective training quarters, Dempsey looked to be much the more robust of the pair. The champion's weight is more evenly distributed while Brennan is the rangy type of athlete who does not round out quite as pleasing to the critical eye but gives unmistakable indications of possessing two essentials, assurance and endurance.

First Heer law permitting a revival of boxing in this state became operative nearly three months ago, local fans have been looking forward for a heavy weight bout to be put on by some of the promoters and Tex Rickard is furnishing the initial clash between big fellows under the new legal conditions.

Brennan has been seen here several times in bouts during the regime of the Fawcett law and in nearly every instance the Chicago man acquitted himself creditably. Some New York patrons of the ring only remember Dempsey as an unpretentious newcomer from the West, who boxed twice at a Bronx club house and in another minor battle a few years ago. Tonight they will see a wonderfully improved fighting machine, who in a little over four years has made his way to the top of the fistic ladder through persistent hard work and who possesses all the attributes which are necessary in the make-up of a champion heavy weight pugilist.

Corbett timed those wild rushes to a nicety. Finally he side-stepped and hooked a snapping left that caught Terry square on the jaw. Down went McGovern for the count. Perhaps those who saw the fight can see Terry spinning yet. Strategy had crowned a new champion in William Rothwell of Denver, for that is "Young Corbett's" right name.

## STECHER TITLE GOES TO LEWIS

Head and Hiplock Accomplish Fall of Nebraska in New York After Fierco Grapple.

New York, Dec. 14.—Ed ("Strangler") Lewis of San Jose, California, won the world's heavyweight championship here last night by throwing Joe Stecher of Dodge, Nebraska, in one hour, 41 minutes and 58 seconds, with a head and hip lock.

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